

Meat pies, crazy love

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Characters:

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Meat pies, crazy love

by [MiaQc](#)

Summary

I'm Rody. I killed Vince, I set his bistro on fire, but his ghost haunts me. Also there's a restaurant in town with human meat on the menu.

- A translation of [Pâtés à la viande, amour fou](#) by [MiaQc](#)

I walk away from the burning bistro. Blood still drips from where Vince tore off my ear. To think he ate it. That he killed Manon. That he wanted me to eat her. That I killed him. I hold myself back from vomiting. I really have to eat something. Fill my stomach. Take my mind off things.

"Good idea, Rody."

Who said that? I look around. I'm all alone. I keep walking and stop in front of Hildred Tavern's sign, an old-fashioned tavern restaurant. On the second floor of the tavern restaurant's building is a clothing boutique, At Percival. I didn't know these places. Might as well eat at Hildred's Tavern.

As soon as I enter, a woman greets me.

"Good evening and welcome to my establishment. Are you accompanied?"

"No."

"Yes."

"I see. You're our only customer so you can sit wherever you like. Our waiter will bring you our menu."

"Thank you." I said to the woman. "But I just need a snack, something to eat quickly."

"Oh! In that case, I can offer you a meat pie to go."

"Excellent! I'll take two. How much?"

"€3 each."

"That's too low a price."

"Perfect!"

I give the woman €6. She walks away and a man comes in. I can hear them talking, even though I only have one ear left.

"A customer?"

"Yes, darling. He wants two meat pies."

"Then don't keep him waiting."

They kiss and the woman fetches me the pies. She brings them to me in a bag.

"Thank you, Madam."

"Hildred." She says to me. "I hope my husband Percival didn't trouble you."

She points to the man she spoke to earlier.

"No, not at all!"

Suddenly, I think I hear a man's voice sigh. It sounds like Vince, but it can't be.

"Good. Hope to see you again. Good evening."

I say goodbye to Hildred and leave the tavern restaurant. I find it odd that she didn't comment on my injury, but oh well.

Walking back to my apartment, I open the bag. The smell of meat pies excites my taste buds. Without thinking, I take one and bite into it.

It was hot and my tongue is burning, but I don't care. It's so good! I take another bite, another, and another. In less than five minutes, I've eaten both meat pies. My stomach is full and jubilation fills my brain. I no longer think of Vince, Manon or the burning bistro.

I arrive in front of my apartment. I open my door and step inside. My happiness was going to last forever until I looked in the mirror while brushing my teeth. I'd dressed my wound first. At first I saw my face, then I saw Vince. I startled.

"Rody."

"NO!"

I sink into my sofa and close my eyes.

"Rody."

"SHUT UP!"

It's impossible. Vince is dead. I'll sleep, wake up tomorrow, and everything will be fine.

"Listen to me."

"NO!"

I try to fall asleep.

"The pies from earlier."

I ignore him.

"They're just like Manon."

I must ignore him. He's not real.

"I swear, as I love you! They're made of human flesh, just like your dear Manon."

But I can't ignore this. I open my eyes. I can't see anyone.

"Vince? Are you there?"

"Yes."

His voice seems to be in my head.

"Okay. I killed you..."

"...and I'm haunting you now. Not by choice."

I sigh. I think I'm going crazy.

"No. You're not crazy. This couple, Hildred and Percival, though..."

"Speak for yourself! You killed Manon!"

*"Maybe, but they serve *human meat* to their customers. Me, at least, I..."*

"...I remind you that you wanted to eat me! You say you *love* me?
My god, Vince, you really are sick!"

"Lovesick perhaps. Rody, I..."

"NO! I don't care!"

"But I lov..."

"NO! I want to sleep now."

I hear Vince's voice sigh.

"Fine, but what are we going to do about the 'cannibal' couple?"

"What do you mean? It's not up to me to stop them!"

That's true. I just want to live a normal life. Away from the dead and cannibalism. That's not what Vince thinks. He thinks it's our duty to stop them. He probably thinks I'll learn to love him and/or fall in love with him. That's never going to happen.

After rebuffing his arguments, I go to bed. The following day, after Vince has insisted to the point of giving me a migraine, I return to Hildred's Tavern.

"Hello!" Hildred said, seeing me. "Unfortunately, our tables are full at the moment."

"I noticed. I was wondering if you might need an extra waiter."

"Well... "

"Lie! Or..."

"I lost my previous job and will soon be without cash, homeless and I'm desperate!"

"Very well, you're hired! An extra waiter is always handy."

"YES!"

"Thank you, Boss!"

"Boss"? You don't waste any time, then. What should I call you?"

"Rody, Rody Lamoree."

That's how I became a waiter at Hildred's Tavern, just as Vince wanted. That was part one of his plan to stop the couple. Part two is to find evidence of their "meat" and part three is to contact the police.

"It's not going to be easy. Hildred is practically in the kitchen all the time and there's only one corridor to get there."

"I know."

"As for her husband, Percival, he's the one who has to commit the murders

at his store on the second floor and then dispose of the bodies directly below, in the kitchen. It's ingenious."

"Don't say that!"

"I'm sorry, but we'll find a way together, my Rody."

I growl softly. Vince quickly started this annoying habit of saying "my Rody," as if he owned me, as if we were a couple. I told him to stop, but to no avail.

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